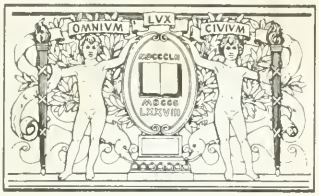
PRIZE · PAINTING · BOOK
GOOD TIMES
PICTURES · BY · DORA · WHEELER



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THE PRIZE PAINTING BOOK

GOOD TIMES,

BY

MISS DORA WHEELER.

This book has been published with the intention of providing the most attractive material for the fascinating work of painting in water colors, and with the certainty of furnishing amusement and instruction combined, to children and beginners in drawing and color-work.

In order to arouse competition, and to make the work of coloring doubly interesting, the publishers, White & Stokes, offer Three Prizes for the three books which shall be returned to them colored in the best manner.

First Prize, - - - -	$75 00,
Second Prize, - - - -	50 00,
Third Prize, - - -	25 00.

They are pleased to announce that the awards will be made by the following

JUDGES:

Miss Rosina Emmet, (First Prang Prize, 1880),
Miss Caroline Townsend, (Decorative Art Prize, 1881),
Miss Dora Wheeler, (Second Prang Prize, 1881).

The book has been prepared in every respect with the idea of making it the model "painting-book."

for ref
NC1239
.W48
1881 x

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The paper has been expressly manufactured for water-color work. The outline designs have been drawn with a view to their being filled in with color. In a number of cases these outline pages are faced by their facsimiles, as colored by Miss Wheeler, and these color pages serve both to guide the worker and to render the book bright and attractive.

An interesting feature is the leaving one page entirely blank, that an original design, suited to the text on the opposite page, may be put upon it in such shape and color as the ingenuity and taste of the competitor may suggest.

The prizes will be awarded Sept. 1st, 1883, thus giving ample time for thorough work, and any child, not over sixteen years of age, can compete for them.

Every competing book must be sent to the publishers between May 1st and July 1st, 1883, and must be accompanied by a certificate from some responsible person that the competitor is not over sixteen years old, and has had no assistance in the work.

No book upon which insufficient postage has been put will be received, and none will be returned unless accompanied by an amount sufficient to cover the cost of so doing.

The three prize books will become the property of the publishers.

THE PRIZE PAINTING BOOK,

aside from its value as a prize-book and as a painting-book, has been made so attractive that it will compare favorably with any English or American art-book for children; and it has been put at a price which places it within the reach of all who may wish it, whether for the beauty of its designs, the instruction to be gained from it, or the intention of competing for the prizes offered in connection with it.

WHITE & STOKES, PUBLISHERS,

1152 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Dedicated To Hal & Nan.

PRIZE · PAINTING · BOOK

GOOD TIMES

PICTURES · by · DORA · WHEELER

WORDS · by ·
Candace
Wheeler,

White & Stokes · Publishers · New York.

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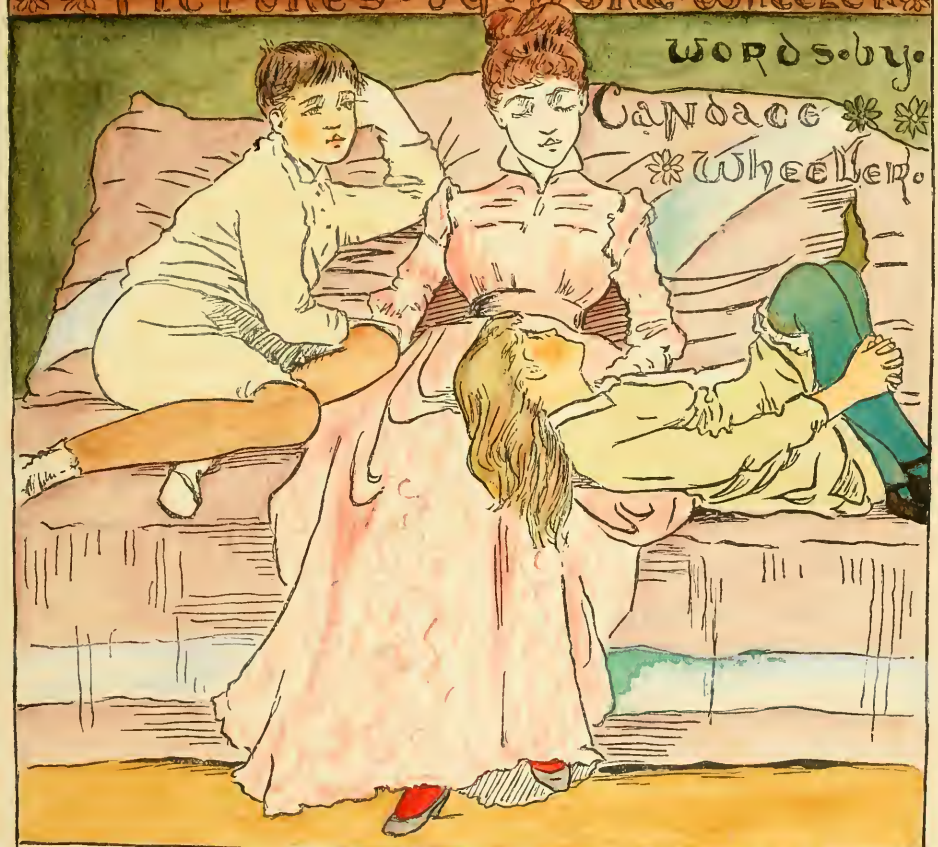
PRIZE PAINTING BOOK

GOOD TIMES

PICTURES BY DORA WHEELER

WORDS BY CANDACE WHEELER



WHITE & STOKES PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

Down in the sand-land, close by the sea,
We made a garden, Kitty and me,
And we planted Willie and Kitty's pup,
To grow in the sand-land, all tall up.
We thought it would be the splendidest fun,
When our sand-land garden was all done.

Bridget picked up shells by the sea,
While we made the garden, Kitty and me,
And Willie's so very little you know,
He thought he'd like to be planted and grow,
And all the while 'twas the splendidest fun,
Until the garden was made and done.

We piled up the white sand, Kitty and me,
Till Willie and Rover could only just see,
And we told them both that they would grow
As big as we, if they'd stay just so—
And we hurried so to get it done,
For we knew that Bridget would spoil our fun.

But when we'd made it all smooth over,
Willie cried, and cried, and Kitty's Rover
Just howled, and howled, and wiggled so,
That he hadn't a bit of time to grow,
And Bridget came on the fastest run—
And we hadn't a single bit of fun.

Where's the cat whose twisted cradle
All the children, young and old,
Have been making—still are making—
Will be making?—turn, and fold,
Twist, and slip, and turn, and double,
'Till the very world is old.

If your effort be the arrow,
And your will the bow,
There is nothing to be learned
Which you may not know.

If the effort be but loyal,
And the will be true,
There is nothing to be done
Which you may not do.

Draw the bow then, king of boyhood,
Do, and will, and learn.
All that makes a happy manhood
You shall surely earn.

Jim on a down-turned box was seated,
Head thrown back with a lordly air.
Tim—quick swaying his blacking brushes—
Polished Jim's toes, with a face of care.

"Yer'll get ten cents"—said the seated nabob—
"If yer gib dem toes a fust-class shine;
And dat's der price, if yer went to de White House,
Fer ter shine de President's, 'stead of mine."

"In a regla way, top price is highest;
But birds fly ober de tops ob trees,
And yer can't jest tell by what *is* regla
How much yer gits in now-an-den fees."

"Suppose Jay Gould should git sot upon yer,
And gib yer a suit of his week-day cloes,
Fergitten a million or two in de pockets
Yer'd want a dolla' fer blackin' my toes!"

A thin line of steel and a perch—
And a boy well up in the air.
There he goes! with a sway and a lurch,
Swift as the flight of a swallow.
He must be fleet who would follow—
Fleeter than foot-steps of care.

Swinging in a hammock which the fishers made,
All the merry mermaids, not a bit afraid;
Where the waves roll over
With their glossy cover,
Rolling over softly with a swishing sound,
As the wind rolls the wheat on the harvest ground.

All the merry mermaids, not a bit afraid,
Swinging in a hammock which the fishers made;
Laugh, and frolic under
All the deep-sea's thunder,
Driving silly fish from the net's wide round,
As the wind drives the leaves on the autumn ground.

SUCH A DAINTY LITTLE MAID
LOOKING MORE THAN HALF
REALLY TO MAIL
AFRAID
THAT PRECIOUS
LETTER
STANDING
IN THE
SNOW &
SLEET
BY THE LAMP
POST IN THE STR
EET
WONDERING
THE LITTLE SWEET
SHALL SHE?
HAD SHE
BETTER?

SUCH·A·DAINTY·LITTLE·
LOOKING·MORE·THAN·HAL
REALLY·TO·MAIL
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·LETTER·
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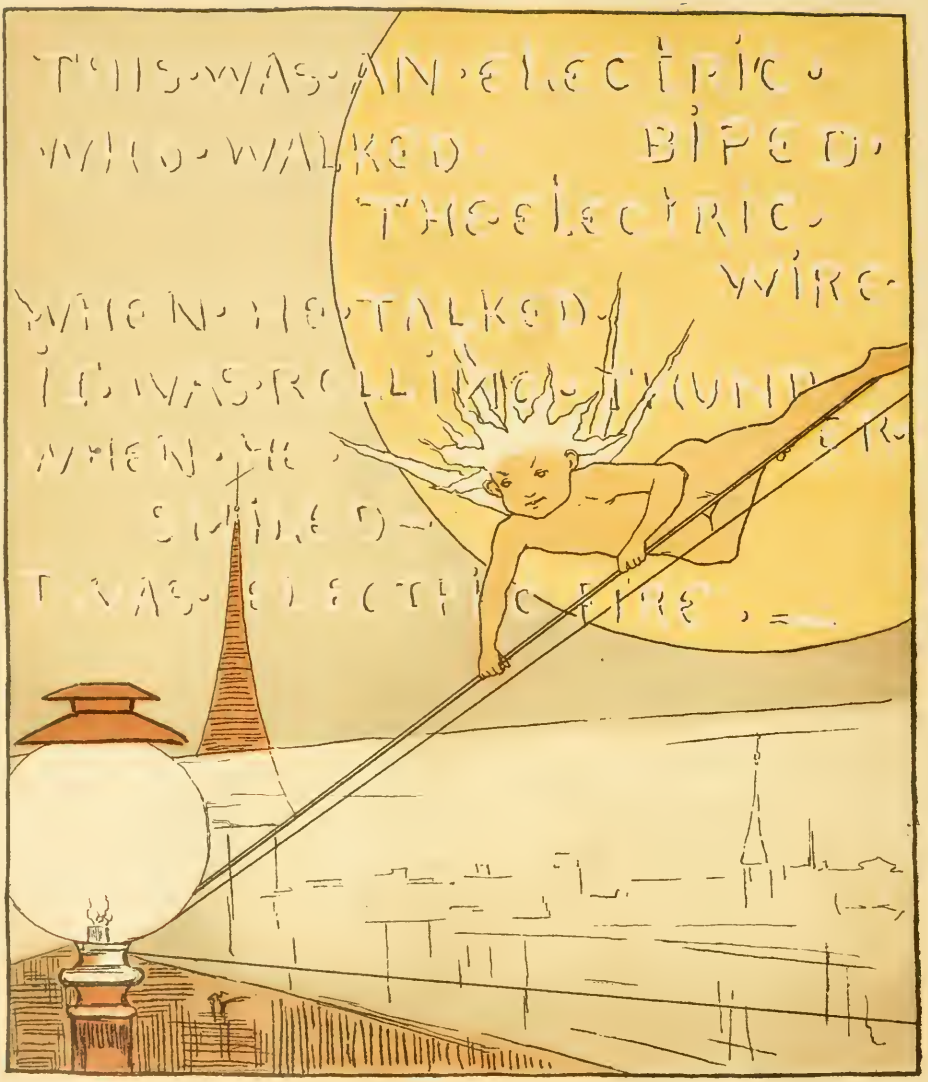

THIS WAS AN ELECTRIC
WHO WALKED BIPED
THE ELECTRIC
WIRE
WHEN HE TALKED
IT WAS ROLLING
WHEN HE
SMILED
IT WAS ELECTRIC FIRE

THIS WAS AN electric
WHO WALKED BIPED
THE electric
WIRE
WHEN HE TALKED
IT WAS

Do you know the electric people, who live in the air overhead—
And go to school on the telegraph wires—and have clouds for a feather bed?
The elders are solemn people, but the young ones are always gay;
And whenever they smile in cloud-land, we call it the lightning's play.

And some are awfully jolly, and never will sleep at night;
But keep on smiling, and smiling, in an awful electric light.
So the elders got together, and among themselves they said;—
"What *shall* we do with these youngsters, who never will go to bed?"

"Now we are a solemn people; we don't like this awful glow—
This perpetual glare of smiling. Let us send them down below!
Let them stand in the streets of that city where they rest not, day or night"—
And they sent them to sit on the lamp-posts, and make the "Electric Light."

'Tis a language all unspoken,
If we ever knew it;
But the boys upon the sidewalk
Glibly patter through it.
They know all the hidden meanings
Lying in the words:

"*Knuckle down—fann inchins—*
Ground grabs—no clearins."

Just as much another language
As the speech of birds.

Men helst med min bok i det gröna jag sitter
Och lyssnar förtjust till fäglarnas quitter.

This is one way of saying; —"A good book is better
When out-doors and sunshine illumine each letter."

Hey, Billy Goat! Ho, Billy Goat!
Push them higher than high.
Hey, Billy Goat! Ho, Billy Goat!
Send them up to the sky.
It's as true as you live
That a Billy can give
A deal better buck than I.

Purple gold on folded wing—
Throat with metal burnishing—
Glancing eye with topaz ring—
Feet with pink enamelling—
All this bravery you wear,
Without thought, or without care,
Of earthly dust, or sun-filled air.

1881—F. B. T.—

Now go, and crawl a hundred years!
Who finds you then will see
The letters marked upon your shell,
And wonder about me.

He'll wonder what my name was—
Or perhaps he will agree
That there was once a turtle race
All marked with F. B. T.

And to the children standing round
He may talk learnedly—
About the veinings of this shell,
The species—F. B. T.

Little baby Alice—

Just suppose

That at night or morning,

Without word of warning,

All your tiny, weeny, pinksy toes—

Just suppose

That the wee, pink toeses

Should go bud, and blossom into roses!

Little baby Alice—

Then suppose

That we took no warning,

And at night or morning

We forgot to water the rose-toes;

And suppose

That the wee pink roses,

Just wriggled back to toeses!

NETTIE & MAME & DICK & WILLIE & ME
SAILING UNDER THE SKY & OVER THE SEA
LITTLE BOYS TWO & LITTLE GIRLS THREE
ALL OF US GOING TO C-H=I—NA.

A BOY & A GIRL A BOY & TWO GIRLS IN A ROW
IN AN AIR SHIP SAILING UP HIGH
PULL THE STRING HARDER & HARDER & WHERE THE WINDSES
ALL ON OUR WAY TO C=H=I—NA. FASTER WELL BLOW GO

NETTIE · & · MAME · & · DICK · & · WILLIE · & · ME ·
SAILING · UNDER · THE · SKY · & · OVER · THE · SEA
LITTLE · BOYS · TWO · & · LITTLE · GIRLS · THREE ·
ALL · OF · US · GOING · TO · C-H=I — NA ·

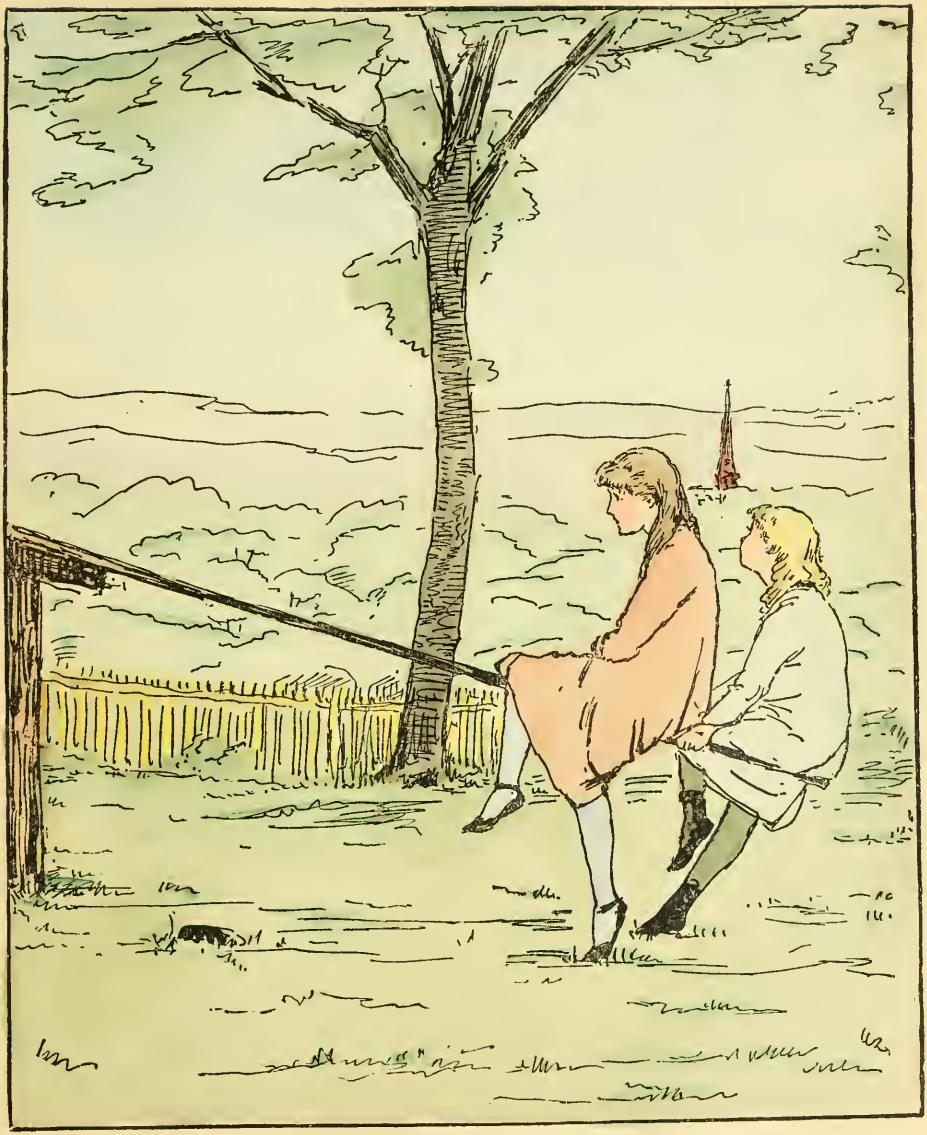
A · BOY · & · A · GIRL · A · BOY · & · TWO · GIRLS · IN · A · ROWBOAT ·
IN · AN · AIR · SHIP · SAILING · UP · HIGH ·
PULL · THE · STRING · HARDER · & · HARDER · & · FASTER · WE'LL · GO ·
ALL · ON · OUR · WAY · TO · C=H=I — NA ! — · WHERE · THE · WINDSES · BLOW ·

LIKE·A·BIRD·ALIGHT·ON·A·
IN·THE·BREEZE·
·FENCE·RAIL·
AND·THE·S
·SITS·MAY·
PULLING
A
FLOWER·TO·
PIECES·
TO·TELL·
THE TIME·
O'DAY·

LIKE A BIRD ALIGHT ON A
IN THE BREEZE
FENCE RAIL
AND THE SUN SITS MAY
PULLING
A
FLOWER TO
PIECES.
TO TELL
THE TIME
O'DAY.

When we are up,
And you are down,
You are foot,
And we are crown.
So up, so down.
When we are down,
And you are up,
You shall drink,
From silver cup—
So down, so up.

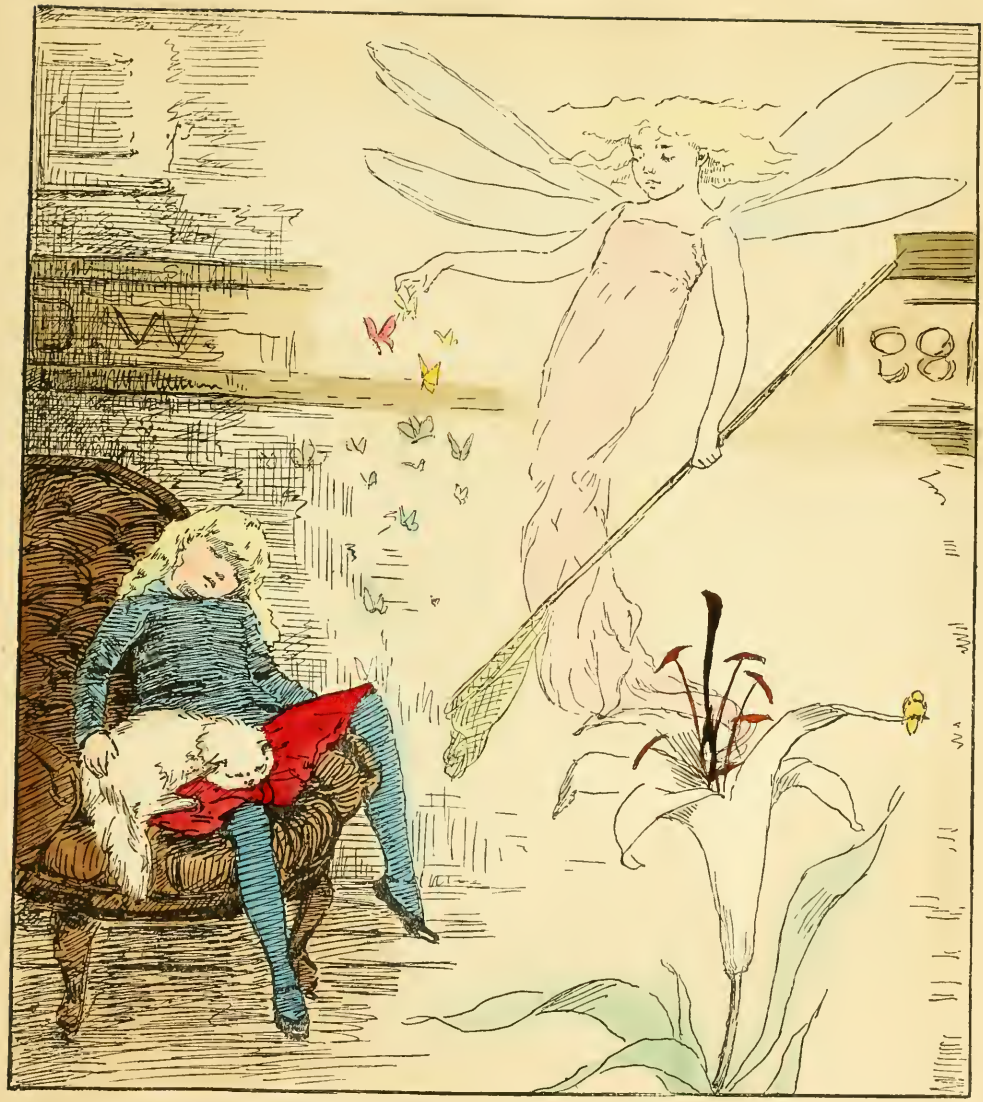
When we are up,
And you are down,
You shall wear
A denim gown.
So up, so down.
When we are down,
And you are up,
From golden platter
You shall sup—
So down, so up.



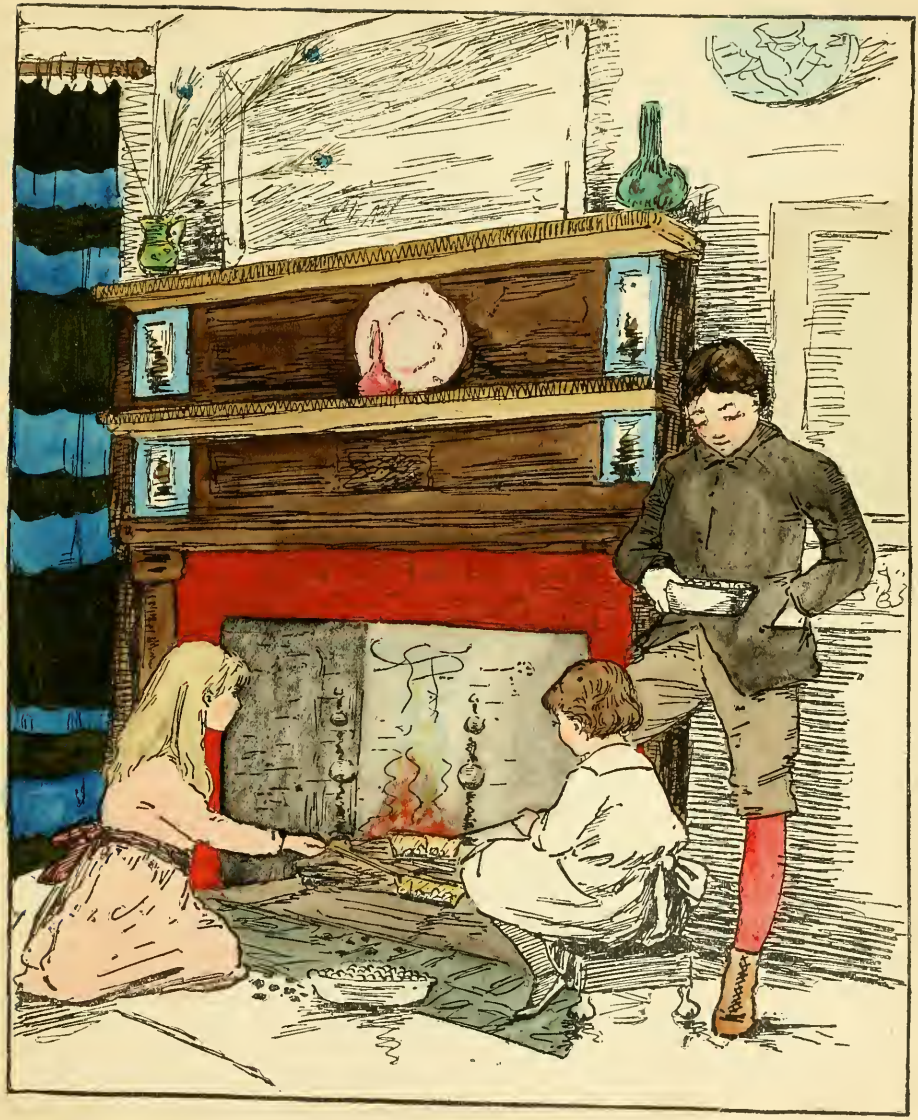
Sprites upon the pavement
Wheeling round and round,
Circling, rushing, speeding, flying—
Hardly keep the ground.
Like a dream of locomotion
Which their youth has found.

Child's Dream,
A dream with a fairy in it
And a lily with leaves uncurled
And a fairy child which floated out
Fairer than all the world.

Cat's Dream,
And a dream with a linnet in it,
Which slept and dreamed of a song—
And the dream which dreamed of the linnet
Was cruel and strong.



All the quest of day is done.
All the spoil of woods is won.
Children crouch within the light,
Where the black-birch fire burns bright,
And the spicy savor
And the steaming flavor
Break the chestnut's satin skin,
Show the ivory heart within.



"Jack in the pulpit!"
Who ever heard before,
Of a little Jack set up
Inside a pulpit door?

Such a funny little preacher!
Doesn't know a single letter,
So how *can* he tell the people
What'll make them better?

No, he doesn't know a letter—
But he knows, and I don't know,
How the milk-weed silk creeps out,
And how the daddy-long-legs grow.

And when they get through growing
Who measures them, to see
If they really are as long
As long-legs ought to be?

D. W.
1881

And when the oak-leaves drop
Who teaches them to sail?
And who threads the wriggle
In the polly-woggle's tail?

I wonder what it looks like!
I wish I could just see
If it's the kind of wriggle
That there is in me.

Oh, Jack, you funny preacher!
It must be nice to know
How the milk-weed silk gets out,
And how the daddy-long-legs grow.

This is a darling little Swede,

And here's a Swedish rhyme:

Visst är det roligt då och då

Att diska en kopp eller två.

It means;—she likes to wash cups once,

But not for all the time.

'Pretty Polly'
What would you say
if I called
myself
'Pretty
the live long
day?
You've
butter-cup
yellow
under
the
line
Where your blue
wings fold
you are very fine
you in your blue
dress
And I in mine
Shall I call
myself
'Pretty Polly?

'Pretty Polly'
What would you say
If I called myself
'Pretty
the livelong day?
You've butter-cup yellow
under the line
Where your blue wings fold
You are very fine
You in your blue dress
And I in mine
Shall I call myself
'Pretty Polly?

Coaching · Day ·

Coaching · Day ·

"BLACK-EYED SUSAN."

Standing up boldly amid the grass,
Brushing the horns of the cows as they pass,
Black-eyed Susan sleeps and wakes.
Boldly she looks at the broad bright sky—
At the broad-winged crows who go sailing by
Nothing she fears, but the harvest rakes.

Above her forehead a knob of brown
Rayed with leaves, like a golden crown
Which brightens over a grassy space.
Thick, rough leaves climb up like a ladder,
Where lady-bugs creep, and crickets clamber,
Up to her smiling face.

The opposite page is left blank, that an original design suited to the above may be put upon it.

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GOOD TIMES

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JUDGES

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